ſtewd pruins, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light theſe villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill ſorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither miſtris Dol.

Piſt. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damnd firſt, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile alſo: holde hooke and line, ſay I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. Good captaine Peeſell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beſeeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Piſt Theſe be good humors indeede, ſhal pack-horſes, and hollow pamperd iades of Aſia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day; compare with Cæſars and with Canibals, and trojant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, ſhall we fall foule for toies?

Hoſt. By my troth captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Piſt. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. A my word Captaine, theres none ſuch here, what the goodyeare do? you thinke I would denie her? for Gods ſake be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues ſome ſacke, *ſi fortune me tormente ſperato me contento*, feare we brode ſides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me ſome ſacke, and ſweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falſt. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy neaffe, what, we haue ſeene the ſeuen ſtarres.

Dol.

Dol. For God
ſuch a fuſtian ra
Piſt Thruſt
nagges?
Falſt. Quaite
ling, nay, and a d
thing here.
Bard Come, g
Piſt. What ſh
death rocke me a
let grieuons gaſtl
come Atropoſe I
Hoſt. Heres g
Falſt. Giue m
Dol I pray thee
Fal. Get you d
Hoſt. Heres a go
fore ile be in theſe t
alas, alas, put vp yo
pons.
Dol. I pray thee
ſon little vliaunt vil
Hoſt. Are you n
ſhrewd thruſt at yo
Fal. Haue you
Bar. Yea ſir, the
ſhoulder.
Fal. A raſcall to b
Dol A you ſwee
ſweatſt, come let m
chops: a rogue, yfait
&or of Troy, woort
then the nine Worth
Fal. Ah raſcally ſla
Dol Do and thou
was thee betweene a